

HUGHES & BENNETT

Four Car Loads of Merchandise
in Six Weeks

1 Car of Canned Goods 2 Cars of Potatoes 1 Car Flour

Think of It!

100 lbs. Finest Durum
Potatoes \$2.10

50 lbs. Wichita Best
Flour \$1.50

Gold Bar Brand Finest Fruits Canned

No. 3 Can Red Raspberries 35c. No. 3 Can Blackberries 30c.
" " " Strawberries 30c. " 2 Cans in Heavy Syrup 30c.

Delicious Gold Bar Pine Apple

No. 3 Cans, per can 30c. No. 2 Cans, per can 25c.

Get Into Action Right Now. What you Want
When you Want It.

HUGHES & BENNETT

THE PRUDENT MAN SEEKS A SAFE BANK

The officers and directors of this bank
seek strength rather than mere size,
and solidity rather than show.

This is a bank for prudent men and
women known far and wide as a "Solid
Institution."

You will find it to your distinct advantage
to begin your business career with
an account at this bank.

ALAMO STATE BANK, ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEX.

THE THOMAS GRAIN CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

All kinds of Grain, Mill Feed & Hay

GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS, STOCK AND POULTRY FOOD

We handle Western Seeds, COAL, HARNESS AND SADDLES

CITY TRANSFER, Corner 9th and Michigan Ave. Phone 8

SCOTT B. WILLIAMS JAS. B. YORK

Williams & York
CLOUDCROFT, NEW MEXICO

Real Estate, Rentals, Fruit and
Farm Lands

NOTARY WORK, ACCIDENT
FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE

We Know Cloudcroft.

W. H. MILLER

CEMENT CONTRACTOR

No Job too Small No Job too Large

Reservoirs, Sidewalks, Cellar Floors,
Retaining Walls, Etc.

We Guarantee Our Work to Stand all Tests

ALAMOGORDO NEW MEXICO

A. J. BUCK
UNDERTAKER

OFFICE PHONE
NO. 4
RESIDENCE
PHONE
NO. 6

NURSERY STOCK

I am representing several of
the best Nurseries in California
and Missouri. Good stock and
right prices. See me before
placing any orders.

C. H. BERKELBACH
ALAMOGORDO - NEW MEX.

BLACK MINORCAS

Eggs for Hatching
at 50c per Dozen

Inquire of or address,
W. D. JONES, Alamogordo, N. M.
P. O. Box 47

John Rawn

(Continued from Page 3)

chimes, and paused at the one farthest
from the door, which had excited
Jim's curiosity.

"Here's where the boss worked all
last night!" whispered the foreman
hoarsely. "Twice daybreak when he
came home, an' he was all in. He's
been workin' on her before now, I
know that. I'm thinkin' she's about
done, heike!"

"Whatever kind of a spook joint is
this, anyhow, Jim?" demanded the
watchman. "What's she for, do ye
think now?" They two, bullet-headed,
heavy and powerful, stood looking
at this contrivance, whose growth
through many months they had been
watching. The value of it either could
be asure in comprehensible terms. It
was worth ten thousand dollars to
either of them who would—and could
—tell a certain man how it was made.

"I dunno what she's for," answered
Jim slowly, "but I'm thinkin' it's no
good at all. It's the devil, maylike.
Not that she's so big neither. I could
almost turn her over with a pinch
bar." He pointed to an arm, or lever,
which stood at the side of the ma-
chine. "She looks somethin' like one
o' them drills I used to run in the
tunnel, time Hogan was mayor, do ye
mind? When we wanted to throw her
in we pushed down an arm, somethin'
like this."

"Sure, Jim, 'tis you have the head
fer machines. I dunno about that at
all," rejoined Tim, scratching his
head. "But 'tis a shame we can't throw
her in now. Many a time I've
wondered what 'twas all about in here.
Why shud strangers be so anxious as
to—"

"She licks like a patent gate in a
fence, as much as anything else,"
commented Jim. "But as for throwin'
her in, how cud we? She's attached
to nothin' at all, so there's nothin' to
throw her into. She's got no wire or
cord runnin' to her unless heike it
comes up through the fluro. She
looks like she was some sort of motor,
but how she's to run I dunno. Now if
she was geared to anything, you cud
throw her in, maylike, by this thing
here. It licks like she was done, and
if she is, I don't know why the boss
wd go away and leave the roof open
over her?" He pointed to a sliding
window in the roof directly above the
machine. He then reached out and
swung some of his weight upon the
end of the cranked arm or lever.
Then, to the joint surprise of the two
observers, a very singular thing forth
with occurred.

"What happened, as nearly as either
of them later could describe it, might
have been called a duplication in large
of the phenomena of Halsey's original
motor, with which he burst the fan in
the railway office at St. Louis. There
was a low crackling in the air, a
dancing series of blue flame points
along the toothed ridge. Then began
a low purr, as of a motor in full op-
eration. They could see sparks emit-
ted, somewhere at the interior of the
intricate machinery. A living, split-
ting, crackling roar filled the air about
them—the roar of the shackled river
far away, raging at the violence done
it! A projecting shaft, fitted with a
pulley head, began to revolve, faster
and faster, until its speed left it ap-
parently motionless.

Something had happened, they knew
not what. The machine was alive! Some
force seemed to come down out of
the air, to locate itself somewhere
within this intricate mechanism. They
stood, two bullet-headed, hairy, pow-
erful men, looking at what they had
done.

"Do ye mind that now?" gasped Jim
Sullivan, and wrenched at the lever,
restoring it to its original position. The
purring of the motor ceased, the blue
sparks disappeared, the roar sub-
sided growlingly.

"What was it?" demanded Tim Car-
ney. "Throw her in again, Jim!"

"Not on yer life!" gasped Jim Sul-
livan. "I dunno what 'tis, but I'll take
no chances with the devil an' his
works, on a Sunday leaseways. There's
somethin' wrong in here, I'm tellin'
you, Tim. What made her go, I dun-
no. She's under power, same like a
compressed air drill—but where'd she
git her power?—the devil in it, that's
all, Tim. I'm thinkin' the best we can
do is to git away from here. Come,
shut the durs—an' watch it. Me, I'm
goin' to the praste ag'in this very day!
I see now what that felly wanted!"

Jim Sullivan locked the door and
left his friend guarding it; then hur-
ried across the street to the superin-
tendent's cottage. Mrs. Sullivan, busy
there about her morning duties, would
have stopped him, but Jim would have
no denial, and hastening up the stairs
to Halsey's bedroom, impetuously de-
manded entrance. Halsey, drawn, gas-
ping, unshorn, greeted him, half sit-
ting up in bed.

"What's wrong, Jim?" he deman-
ded. "Has anybody got into the
works?"

"Hush, boy!" said Jim, his finger on
his lips. "You need tell me nothin'
but I know what it's all about."

Halsey sat looking at him dumbly.

"Fire me if you like, my son," went
on Jim Sullivan. "Tis true I've done
what I had no right to do. Mr. Hal-
sey, sir, I throwed her in!"

"You did what?"

"I throwed her in. An' she worked
—she worked like a bird! Then I
throwed her out ag'in an' come away
an' locked the door. Tim was there,
too. Tis none of my business, but
I've come to tell you the truth, an' you
can fire me if you like! But it's hell,
it's harnessd hell ye've got in there.
An' others want to stule it!"

By this time Halsey was getting
into his clothing and only half listen-
ing to what his foreman said.

"What kills me is, I can't see how
she works! She runs by herself all

the time, chuggin' like a fire engin.
But where does she git it?"

Halsey made no answer. He was
pale as a dead man. A few moments
later they were hurrying down the
stairs, across the street, and through
the long, deserted room with its rows
of gaunt engines. They stood before
the completed receiver, whose motor
so perfectly had caught the power of
the free second current from the air.

"John Rawn's costless, stolen power."
"What makes her go?" demanded
Jim Sullivan. "Fer what is the hole
in the roof for?"

Halsey turned to him. "It's the Mis-
sissippi river makes it go, Jim. If we
didn't leave a hole in the roof how
could the river go through? Now do
you understand?"

"My boy," said Jim kindly, laying a
large hand on his shoulder, "you're
off your nut, of course. I don't blame
ye, workin' so long as ye have, an'
worryin'." "Tis a rest ye must be takin'
now, or they'll be puttin' ye in the
dunghouse for fair!"

"You're right!" said Halsey. "I think
I'll just take a little ride this after-
noon. Jim, come here and help me. I
want to see if we can charge up this
electric car. If I can do that, Jim, my
boy, I'll be richer by six o'clock than
either of us ever dreamed of being!"

Shaking his head dubiously, the big
foreman lent a hand, and between
them they managed to roll the car in
to place.

"Want to throw her down again
Jim?" demanded Halsey, motioning to
the lever and grinning. That worthy
shook his head.

"I'm scared of her, Mr. Halsey, that
I am!"

"And well you may be!" was Hal-
sey's comment. He himself threw
down an arm on the opposite side of
the receiver. This time the motor did
not resume its purring, the shaft did
not revolve.

"She's bruk!" said Jim. Halsey only
pointed to the blue tips of toothed
ridge. "No," said he, "she's only do-
ing another part of her work. The
power is going into the auto's motor
instead of this. Two forms, you see
Jim."

A faint spark showed at the trans-
mitter connection. "Come!" said Hal-
sey. "Let her work! We don't need
to now."

That afternoon, Charles Halsey took
his seat at the steering wheel of an
electric car which had been charged
with power taken from the air without



"Do You Mind That Now?"

wire transmission. His task was done.
He had accomplished what he had
started out to do. Throbbing beneath
him was power, the power of yonder
distant silent partner, power taken
from the earth, and the air, and the
water; power of the elements; and
power now definite, segregant, mer-
chantable!

Halsey kicked in the gear and rolled
out into the street. Pale, preoccupied,
he hardly noted where he was going;
but found a maze of ill-paved, crowded
thoroughfares; until at length he
reached the West side boulevard sys-
tem. Thence he crossed the river to
the east, and headed north. Strong
and true, under a limit charge, the mo-
tor purred beneath him. The mechan-
ism of the car operated without de-
fect. Nothing in the least seemed
wrong at any particular, nor did the
car in any particular differ in appear-
ance from others of its humble and in-
conspicuous class.

None the less, midway of one of the
large parks along the lake shore,
young Halsey suddenly disengaged the
gear, cut off his power, and applied
the brakes. He was perhaps half way
from his home on the journey to Gray-
stone hall. . . . For a little time
he sat in the car, pale, almost motion-
less, deep in thought; careless of the
passing throng of other vehicles, the
occupants of which regarded him
curiously. Then, suddenly, he threw
in the gear again, turned on the cur-
rent; and, quickly turning about, re-
traced his course. He had been gone
less than an hour when he stood once
more at the curb of his cottage near
the factory in the western suburb of
the city.

"So you're back again, sir?" com-
mented Jim Sullivan. "An' did ye get
all that sudden wealth ye was tellin'
me about, at all?"

Halsey sat staring at him for a
time. "No," said he, "I've changed my
mind. I'm going to wait a while."

The foreman turned and tiptoed off
to find his wife. "Annie," said he,
his voice low and anxious, "try if ye
can get the boss to bed, an' make him
sleep as long as ever he can. He's
got off his head, an' talkin' like a
fool. Somethin' wrong here, that's
sure! He'll go in to break loose, in
yon factry's some day. But whatever
comes, the boss is crazy!"

(To Be Continued)

LOCAL ITEMS

C. S. Wood of Cloudcroft was in
town Tuesday.

P. H. Mendelson of Cloudcroft wa
in town Saturday.

Edwin Mechem spent Friday and
Saturday in Las Cruces on business.

Mrs. Edwin Mechem was an El
Paso visitor Monday.

Mrs. Davis who has been serious-
ly ill for the past week is reported
better.

Dr. L. K. Warren of Cloudcroft
has been visiting friends here this
week.

Miss Elsie Farley of Carrizozo
has been visiting friends here this
week.

G. G. Wofford this week purchas-
ed the Clarence Allard place north
of town.

Fred Roberts of Oscura visited
his wife and mother the first part
of the week.

For Sale—36 acres, two room
house, hydrant water. Price \$350.
Jas. D. George.

William Washington and party
of Roswell were here Monday in an
automobile.

Mrs. Cora Coe arrived this week
from Chicago for a visit with her
nephew, Dr. Saltzgeber.

L. A. Gale and M. L. Morgan of
El Paso are registered at the Ala-
mogordo this week.

Miss Margaret Gunton left Thurs-
day for El Paso to visit with her
mother.

For sale—Second hand set of har-
ness. Inquire at the Christopher
ranch.

E. C. Kreamer left Wednesday for
Cloudcroft from which place he ex-
pects to return soon.

Geo. B. Bent returned from San-
ta Fe the first of the week where he
had been for a few days.

Messrs. Samuel F. Miller, Jas. A.
Grange and Sam A. Blocker were in
town Friday from Mesquero.

Mr. and Mrs. John Snyder and Mr.
and Mrs. Denton Simms motored
down from Tularosa Monday.

Rev. J. A. Armstrong returned
Wednesday morning from Duran,
where he went to hold several ser-
vices.

For Sale—Gentle draft horse, five
years old. Good Jersey cow, re-
cently fresh, five years old. In-
quire at this office.

Miss Frances Gerster of Burling-
ton, Kansas, is here visiting her
brother at the Saltzgeber home in
College addition.

Mrs. J. Lawson left Monday for her
home in Roanoke, Va. after a sever-
al months visit with her son and
family, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lawson.

Mrs. W. F. Beck and daughter,
Marion, of Highrolls stopped over
Wednesday on their way to El
Paso.

For Sale—Three dozen fine brood
white leghorn hens, at 50c each
while they remain. Inquire at this
office.

Al Carter is home again after
spending the winter at Hurley, N.
M. Mr. Carter lives five miles
northwest of Alamogordo.

A card from G. A. Byus, former-
ly an Alamogordo newspaper man,
states that he is now employed in
a job office in Corpus Christi, Tex-
as.

Mrs. Merrill Mechem, who has
been visiting Mrs. Edwin Mechem
for the past two weeks, left Mon-
day for her home in Socorro.

Mrs. C. P. Downs left for Santa
Fe Thursday afternoon, via El
Paso, and will visit friends in the
latter city for a day or two.

Mrs. J. H. McRae left Monday af-
ternoon for El Paso, having been
called there by the serious illness
of her daughter, Miss Pauline.

Robert Jacobs and Pedro Mar-
tinez, whose feet were amputated
some time ago because of their
frozen condition, are both doing
nicely.

Dr. Paul Gerdes, who was oper-
ated on for appendicitis some time
ago, is able to be out again, and
expects to leave Saturday for his
home in Amarillo.

Herman A. Pruess returned from
Magdalena, N. M. Sunday and is
spending a few days with the family
at Sunny Slope farm, four miles
northwest of Alamogordo.

Martinez Baca, who has been
quite feeble for the past year, died
at his home in Burro Flats Monday,
after four days illness. He was
seventy-five years old.

One half inch of rain fell in this
vicinity Tuesday night which will,
in addition to the unusual amount
of the past several months, aid in
starting grass and crops.

In the issue of February 15th,
the News-Advertiser was in error
in stating that the Hefner-Brummett
wedding was held at the Fairchild
residence in College addition. The
ceremony was performed at the home
of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Virden.

Mrs. E. C. Kreamer received a
telegram Tuesday stating that her
sister, Mrs. Josie Dryden, had just
died at her home in Portland, Ore.
Mrs. Dryden was in Alamogordo dur-
ing the month of December and was
well acquainted with several of our
people.

The Brooks Bros. are busily en-
gaged in drilling the well on the
Cunningham ranch and have reach-
ed a depth of fifty feet. At pres-
ent they are preparing to drive
casing. We are informed that Mr.
Cunningham soon expects to give
an order for a complete pumping
outfit.

SHALL WE ADVERTISE?

(Communication from J. D. Tant)

I note what you say about adver-
tising, and think the time has come
when we should do something along
that line.

I'll be one of twenty to start with
\$25.00 a year and increase as sur-
roundings demand until the world
knows of Alamogordo and our coun-
try. We certainly can raise \$1000
or \$1200 for first year and when we
see results there will be no trouble
about help.

This is the day of advertising
and no business will succeed when
not advertised.

The most of our western towns
are advertised by our real estate
men, and as they only advertise
from a personal standpoint for gain
the outside world gives but little at-
tention.

But if we can form a citizens'
association and advertise to build
up our country, I am sure we would
reach thousands by what we say.

Also will I gladly help in a con-
tribution to ship our knickers out
of the country.

Three friends of mine came from
the east last week and became dis-
couraged by seven out of every ten
men with whom they talked, being
knickers against the country and
wanting to leave.

We can never build up until we
get rid of that class. I am glad I
was instrumental in recently mov-
ing a certain man out of Alamogor-
do. He writes back that if he owned
hell and New Mexico he would
rent New Mexico and live in hell.
All who feel as does this man, I'll
gladly help to locate in a clima-
te more congenial to their nature.

We need men at Alamogordo who
want to make life a success, who
have higher ambitions than loaf-
ing on the streets. We want men
who are willing to work, and we
have thousands of that class crowd-
ed for room in the old states.

Why not advertise our country in
the leading papers of the east? And
why not bring out a special edition
of our paper about once a month,
with ten to twenty photos of west-
ern scenes and have write-ups of
among our citizens and get them to
mail to their friends.

When shall we have a public
meeting and talk this over and start
a movement to that end?

G. E. Moffett came up from Oro-
grande Tuesday to look after busi-
ness matters. Mr. Moffett will soon
have his residence southeast of Ala-
mogordo completed when he will
move his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Browning have
moved over from their home near
Mayhill to the property recently pur-
chased on 19th street. Mr. Brown-
ing is one of the pioneer residents
of the mountain section, knows the
country, the people and conditions,
and it is certainly significant that
he and his worthy wife are getting
a home in Alamogordo to spend
their declining years. Such people
are welcomed.

Distinction for Silver City.

According to R. E. Nelson, spe-
cial inspector for the postal de-
partment, the postal receipts at the
Silver City postoffice for the last
fiscal year were \$13,000, the largest
per capita receipts for any postof-
ice in the United States. From
these figures it is estimated that
each patron of that office spends
on an average \$4 per year for post-
age.

Elbert Hubbard, the noted lecture-
r and philosopher will deliver a
lecture at Silver City on the evening of
May 23. Mr. Hubbard visits Silver
City at the joint invitation of the
Moore Lodge and the Chamber of
Commerce to investigate Silver City
as the site of the proposed \$500,-
000 sanatorium which the Loyal Or-
der of Moose will build in the near
future.

Advertised Letters.

List of advertised letters for week
ending February 26, 1913.

Grant, Miss Mable; Hernandez,
Mercedes; Moore, Mrs. Murtie; Or-
tega, Sr. Dn. Narsiao.

When calling please say advertis-
ed and pay one cent.

J. M. Hawkins, P. M.

Mrs. Pollock Entertains.

Mrs. R. F. Pollock entertained a
few of the bachelor maids of Ala-
mogordo Wednesday evening with a
"smoker." Various games were in-
dulged in, and prizes were awarded
to Misses Olive Thomas and Hazel
Snelton. Refreshments were served
and at a very late hour the guests
departed, voting it the best time
ever.

Birth.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Vandyeke
Saturday, Feb. 22, a girl.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. A. H.
Henderson Tuesday, Feb. 25, a boy.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. O. O.
Edgington Thursday morning, Feb.
27, a girl.

Salinas News Notes

Salinas, Feb. 28.—J. M. Edging-
ton of Taos spent several days here
visiting his brother, J. E. Edgington
Andalacia Padilla, Jr., is in El
Paso caring for his father who is
seriously ill.

William Bennett and daughter
Miss Lillian, of Des Moines, Iowa,
arrived Wednesday and are the
guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bennett.

Francis Woodside spent Sunday
with his family on the ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Lige Koger and
their son, Leo, who have been vis-
iting the past month with Mr. Ko-
ger's sister, Mrs. Frank Smith have
returned to their home at Lockney,
Texas.

Mrs. Clovis Aguilar and daughters
of Tularosa are spending the week
with Mrs. Andalacia Padilla.

F. C. Rolland